Verses

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# ERSES.

J. C. L. W.

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TO

ROBERT C. WATERSTON,

The Verses

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

# CONTENTS.


| | Page. |
|---|---|
| THANKSGIVING DAY | 1 |
| SONG | 3 |
| AFTER THE CHILDREN'S PARTY | 5 |
| A MORNING HYMN | 8 |
| TO SOPHIA, WITH A GOLD THIMBLE | 10 |
| FOR A CHILD'S ALBUM, WITH SOME PRESSED FLOWERS | 12 |
| STANZAS: A TRIBUTE TO A FELLOW-TRAVELLER | 14 |
| THE MUSICIAN | 17 |
| WHAT THE GREAT ELM SAID TO THE FLOWERS | 19 |
| STANZAS FOR MUSIC | 23 |
| THE FRIGATE | 25 |
| "AWAY" | 27 |
| IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND, THOMAS B. ADAMS, U.S.A. | 28 |
| HEARD AND UNHEARD | 31 |
| THE WOUNDED INDIAN | 33 |
| RACHEL | 34 |
| THAT MEETING | 35 |
| TWO SCENES | 37 |
| THE ECLIPSE | 40 |

| | Page. |
|---|---|
| LINES ON SENDING FLOWERS | 43 |
| THE LOCUST TREE | 45 |
| SONG | 47 |
| ON AN ENGRAVING OF THE CRUCIFIXION | 48 |
| SEEN AND UNSEEN | 50 |
| TO-DAY'S LESSON | 53 |
| KAUB, ON THE RHINE | 55 |
| THE RAINBOW SEEN FROM A CITY | 57 |
| HYMN FOR THE CLOSING SERVICE IN FEDERAL-STREET CHURCH | 59 |
| A RECORD | 61 |
| AFTER THE STORM | 64 |
| GARLANDS FOR THE GOLDEN WEDDING | 66 |
| ON SEEING THE FLAG AGAIN FLOATING OVER CHESTER SQUARE | 68 |
| INVOCATIONS | 70 |
| THE EPIPHANY | 72 |

# VERSES.

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## THANKSGIVING DAY.

The once-green earth in frost is bound ;
And through the forest-trees,
Where not a summer leaf is found,
Rushes the wintry breeze
Like some wild spirit bold and free,
Who, scorning Winter's chain,
Breaks from his iron grasp, to be
In the wide heavens again.
Our Northern sky is cold and clear :
No warm and genial ray
Has bade one flowery wreath appear,
To deck this holiday.

But though the summer leaves so fair
Crown not these festal hours,
Yet dearer things are gathered there,
And sweeter, than the flowers : —
For the green bower of home is gay ;
And happy there we stand,
Once more united on this day, —
The severed household band.
Yes, we must feel our fathers chose
This dreary season well ;
That the Thanksgiving, as it rose,
From out our Homes might swell ;
And bade upon the cheerful hearth
The altar-fires arise,
To offer there (best gift of earth !)
The full heart's sacrifice.

## SONG.

Our buoyant boat is floating far
  Upon the river wide :
The sunset glow, the evening star,
  Shine o'er us as we glide.

Recast within the mirror deep,
  You cloudless heaven is seen ;
The shelving shore, the mountain steep,
  And waving woods, between.

But, oh ! more fair than all beside
  Reflected there I see, —
A beauteous face within the tide,
  That lifts its eyes to me.

O careless river! thou wilt flow
In dancing waves as gay,
When that bright form thou holdest now
Has passed from thee away;

But, when the waves of Time shall sweep
This happy hour from me,
Her image still reflected deep
Within my soul shall be.

## AFTER THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Ye are gone, and our play-time has ended,
Gay creatures! Ye bid us adieu,
With your kisses and thanks sweetly blended;
But owe we no thanks unto you?

We have skimmed o'er the carpet in races,
Eluding the blind leader's powers;
Though unblest with your infantine graces,
Have lent every aid which was ours.

We have led to the music's gay measure
Your footsteps so graceful and light;
And entered so much in your pleasure,
As made it our own for to-night.

Indeed, while your voices implored us
That Frolic might have her own way,
It seemed as if time had restored us
To childhood and freedom and play.

Ye are gone, and will sink to your slumbers,
Pure, holy, refreshing, and light;
And, in dreams, will to Fancy's gay numbers
Renew every sport of to-night.

We wake, and the gay throng has vanished;
And with them our visions are o'er:
For, alas! the illusion is banished,
And we — we are children no more.

We wake from a moment of dreaming,
To find ourselves hampered by years,
With their wishes, their truth, and their seeming,
Their pleasures, their sorrows, their fears.

We wake, and the world is around us:
We start, with a pang of dismay,
To feel how its fetters have bound us
In trials and cares of to-day.

But thanks for the love which endears us
To hearts in their bright morning hour :
Like a fount in the desert, it cheers us
With freshness and sweetness and power.

Good-night, then : but think not ye leave us,
Or vanish away from our sight ;
For, in dreams which our fancy shall weave us,
Ye'll gladden all visions to-night.

## A MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul! the morning light
Beams on the wave, the grove, the lawn;
Awake! and, with the shades of night,
May all earth's shadows be withdrawn!

To that high heaven's celestial blue,
So calm and bright, so deep and clear,
Look up, and lose the clouded hue
Contracted in this narrow sphere.

Drink in these sounds of joy and life, —
The voice of winds and leaves at play;
And let the sound of care and strife,
And sorrow's murmur, die away.

Watch the gay warblers of the air,
That, singing, rise in airy flight;
And follow, on the wings of prayer,
Up to the heaven of hope and light.

## TO SOPHIA,

WITH A GOLD THIMBLE.

Cambridge, 1838.

Dear Sophie, take this golden thimble,
To guide and guard your needle nimble,
When with a mystic thread it weaves
Buds, scollops, hemstitch, dots, and leaves ;
And may its future history tell
How all its deeds have ended well!
A useful life it will pursue,
Guided and worn, my friend, by you ;
And let its aid avert the power
Of many a dull and weary hour.
May such be few! Ah! let me rather
Suppose it used, when, met together,
We round the evening table sit,
Listening to learned lore or wit.
Perchance that very hour will bring
Our ever-welcome Mrs. King,

Who comes to join our social meeting
With friendly smile and kindly greeting.
Anon, with grace, and footstep free,
Comes Eustis in : who gay as he ?
The reader lays the volume by,
And then the threaded steel we ply.
Weave, Sophie ! weave these pleasant hours
Into the web with fadeless flowers :
And soon the swift-revolving year
Will bring another meeting near ;
And Margaret cometh o'er the sea,
A blessing and a joy to be ;
Dear brother Ben — we shall rejoice
To hear again his gentle voice : —
Our books will then be thrown aside
To learn of all that did betide
Those wanderers into foreign parts,
Who yet have never left our hearts.
In hours like these, oft let me view
My little gift of use to you ;
And let some thoughts of me, my friend,
Be ever at your fingers' end.

## FOR A CHILD'S ALBUM,

WITH SOME PRESSED FLOWERS.

TO S. G. A.

Upon another page doth stand,
Fairer than blossoms fresh and white,
Recorded by thy mother's hand,
Thine own baptismal name and rite.

And now another leaf we fill
With fragrant flowers that once were gay:
They bloomed (ah! Susan, prize them still)
Upon thy brother's christening-day.

Yes, keep them for a future hour:
Links to a sacred scene are they,
Whose impress soon must lose its power,
And from thy memory pass away.

Of holy rites they'll tell thee then,
And of the many friends who came
Around thy happy parents, when
Their infant boy received his name.

That name, perchance, they whisper low,
Might to another have been given;
But that fair child staid not below,
Led by its mother's hand to heaven.

They'll tell thee that their hues so bright
Were born in sunshine, nursed by showers;
And, though they now are faded quite,
They once were fair, and still are flowers.

And they might tell thee, Susan dear,
That thou thyself, a human flower,
In the Earth's garden doth appear,
Where cometh sunshine, storm, and shower.

Oh, may the light and shade we see,
Upon thy soul such influence shed,
That all may fondly look on thee,
When, like these flowers, thy bloom has fled!

## STANZAS.

A TRIBUTE TO A FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

---

I YET may see those hills again
In all their solemn beauty stand;
Before me the unruffled plain
Of the calm lake once more expand.

The setting sun again will throw
Its glory over land and wave,
Reflecting in the depth below
The parting smile to earth it gave.

But where will be the earnest eye
That watched with mine each changing scene,
Gazed gladly at the glorious sky,
The dark-blue lake, the mountain screen?

Swiftly upon the green hillside
That light and eager footstep trod:
Where would its rapid motion glide,
If I again should press that sod?

Or when the shades of evening fall,
And in the quiet room we meet,
Each scene of beauty to recall,
And every glowing thought repeat, —

Oh! where will be the words which stirred,
And (filled with life) could life impart?
The listening ear, that gladly heard,
The ardent soul, the beating heart?

* * * * *

Within thy bosom, Earth, to-day
He lies, the falling leaves beneath,
That, glowing bright in their decay,
Above his grave a garland wreathe.

His step is stayed upon the hill;
He wakes no echo from the glen:
The place which he was wont to fill
Is silent 'mid the haunts of men.

The mountain and the lake remain
Unchanged, save by the passing year,
Which gathers to renew again
The hues of life that disappear.

Thus passed beyond that change profound,
So dark and drear to mortal eye,
A fresher life he, too, hath found,
"Forgetting what it is to die."

## THE MUSICIAN.

What fairy-like changes
Flit over the keys,
As the hand freely ranges
With magical ease!

How airy that measure,
Fit for happier spheres!
Once a gay song of pleasure,
Now flowing through tears.

As a dark mountain river,
'Tis rapid and deep;
O'er it sharp lightnings quiver,
And rushing winds sweep.

Yet changing from sadness,
And sparkling with glee,
Come sweet notes of gladness,
Fresh, brilliant, and free.

Oh, marvellous melody,
Magical skill!
Swaying so readily,
Quite at thy will,

Those harmonies glowing
With joy as they roll,
Each mingled tone flowing
From depths of the soul.

## WHAT THE GREAT ELM ON BOSTON COMMON SAID TO THE FLOWERS WHICH BLOOMED BENEATH IT IN 1855.

---

Sweet Blossoms, that, beneath my shade,
Dance in the breezes to and fro,
With bright and changeful hues arrayed, —
Whence do ye come? and whither go?

When first in April's genial air
My leaves unfolded to the light,
Around, in garlands fresh and fair,
Flowers greeted then, as now, my sight.

For, by the west-wind haply flung,
A winged seed, wild flowers beneath,
I lay; from thence to life I sprung,
And left below that forest wreath.

How many years have passed away
Since then, this massive trunk doth show;
These branches, that, with mighty sway,
Battle with tempests, blow for blow, —

They bear my leafy honors high,
Beyond the reach of younger trees:
Yet the same sunshine gilds the sky,
And evening brings the same soft breeze.

All else around me now is changed:
Here I have watched a City grow,
Where once the wolf and wild deer ranged,
And wilder men did come and go.

Little reck I of things so vain;
Above all change, I proudly stand,
Casting my shadow o'er the plain, —
A watch-tower of the sea-bound land.

But in this rugged heart there lay
The wingèd seed; and when, below,
I saw your blossoms, flowerets gay,
Ye seemed the wreath, left long ago,

That lay upon the dewy ground,
When I from out the forest sprung,
And all the wilderness around
With the fresh notes of morning rung.

How brief to me the changing light
Of Time's swift-passing day appears!
I've watched the lengthened centuries' flight:
Then what to me are rolling years?

Yet sigh not sadly to the breeze,
Ye fleeting Blossoms, fair and gay!
That Nature sternly thus decrees
To you but one short summer day.

A little longer shall I wait
The final destiny of all;
And then the Elm of ancient date,
Like your frail forms, must bend and fall;

Forgotten as the wreath which bloomed
Within the vanished forest bowers;
To dark decay as surely doomed
As ye, O brightly blooming Flowers!

* * * * *

Ah ! Nature works with subtle art,
Bestowing gifts which are not vain :
Forms change ; but to her mighty heart
Her children cling, and — live again !

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

No, no: sing not that song again,
Sweet though its accents be;
For, on that 'witching strain,
Thoughts all unknown to thee
Rush o'er my memory.

On that rich flood of sound
Wide-scattered treasures float;
Wrecks of life's joys are found,
By many a tempest smote:
Strike not that liquid note.

Voices long silent now
Once sang that song to me;
Hearts that have ceased to glow
Once felt that melody
Deep — full — and free.

No, no: sing not that song again,
Sweet though its accents be;
For, on its 'witching strain,
Thoughts all unknown to thee
Rush o'er my memory.

## THE FRIGATE.

1837.

She rests upon the swelling sea,
A bird with folded wing,
Whose flight will soon be far and free, —
That proud and gallant thing!

Her masts, which now appear to rise
Where fleecy clouds do play,
Must bend before the stormy skies,
When she is far away.

The booming sea that deck will lash,
Where late we gayly stood;
And she must dare the lightning-flash,
The thunder, and the flood.

A few brief days, and she will be
On the wide sea alone:
A thousand blessings follow thee,
Thou wave-tossed seaman's home!

Yet not alone upon the sea
Will be that wave-girt band;
For thoughts and prayers can wander free
From off the distant land.

Thou gallant Bark! they follow thee
Upon the wild sea-foam:
Like guardian spirits they shall be,
Those fervent prayers of home.

God speed thee through the trackless deep!
Thy brave and gallant crew,
Who on thy decks their vigils keep,
Those noble hearts and true, —

God bless them on the stormy sea,
And on the distant strand;
And bring the fearless and the free
Back to their native land!

## "AWAY."

FROM THE FRENCH.

Swift through the green meadow
  Flows the rivulet gay:
Fair flowers on the border
  Its course cannot stay.
New channels invite it;
  And, to bathe some far shore,
It leaves the green meadow,
  And returns never more.

## IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND,

THOMAS B. ADAMS, U.S.A., OF QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS, WHO DIED AN OFFICER IN THE FLORIDA WAR,

1838.

---

Angel of death, thy shadow dims the light,
As o'er our path we hear thy dark wing's flight,
And feel upon our hearts that summons fall,
To all surprising, though it comes to all.
Yet when, in childhood's dawn or manhood's prime,
Thy hand anticipates the work of Time,
We shrink amazed, nor deemed thy power had sway
O'er things which looked "too glorious for decay."

Gone is the young and manly one
From a far-distant shore:
The soldier's weary march is done,
And he returns no more.

Vanished from earth ! ah ! clearly now
That youthful form I see, —
His curling locks and sunny brow,
And footstep firm and free ;

As, turning from his home that day,
He went to meet the strife,
And changing fortunes, far away
In untried scenes of life, —

Within a heart so true and brave,
Above all doubt or fear,
We saw the prophecy which gave
To him a bright career.

The promise which then met our sight
Now shines in his fair fame,
And sheds another ray of light
Upon an honored name.

But blasted are these fond hopes all ;
For o'er his early tomb
The storm will beat, the sunshine fall,
And careless blossoms bloom.

A mother's cherished treasure sleeps
Within that distant grave;
And with a bitter grief she weeps
Her beautiful, her brave.

* * * * *

Angel of death, with all thy potent sway,
Nought but the mortal form is borne away.
Gifts that are higher thou canst never claim:
We cherish still his memory and his name, —
Links to the past; yet, holier far, to be
Thoughts which shall bind us to eternity,
And to the future, in a land of peace,
Where death divides not, and where sorrows cease.

## HEARD AND UNHEARD.

I HEARD a thrilling strain last night,
Whose liquid notes did ebb and flow:
The trumpet lent its blast of might;
The flute and viol answered low.

The listening crowd, in that high hall,
The trumpet and the viol stirred;
And loud applause rang out from all,
Responsive to the chords they heard.

But not for them a voice had sung;
The minstrel's form they could not see:
The air on which these notes were flung,
A song did bear to none but me.

Through Memory's hall, that music shed
A strain of mingled smiles and tears;
For with its fleeting sweetness fled
A voice of song from other years.

# THE WOUNDED INDIAN.

A STATUE BY STEPHENSON.

1851

Slowly he sinks; life ebbs, but lingers still,
In limbs fit for the battle or the chase:
How keenly, over vale and misty hill,
Had flashed the lightning glance of that fixed face!
Whence came that arrow? From no common foe
Was sent the shaft which caused that blood to flow.

Form of heroic mould! in thee we trace
—Powerful and bold, yet fallen, wounded, dying—
A type of that once free and fearless race,
Whose story should be told with tears and sighing;
That fading race, — their death-song's solemn tone
Lingers upon these breathing lips of stone.

## RACHEL.

1855.

Enchantress ! In the northern skies afar
Strange lights shoot up, and flicker wild and wide,
Until the stars grow dim, and yet anon
Bathe the deep heavens in hues of blood and fire,
Fearfully beautiful. And thus hast thou
Revealed thyself to us, making each night
Resplendent.
What can we bring to offer
At thy shrine for all thy revelations ?
Not glowing gems nor flowery wreaths ; they pale
And fade beneath thy burning glance : but tears,
Hot tears, wrung from the eyes that seldom weep ;
Griefs long since buried, starting at thy touch
From out their sealèd sepulchres, — these, these,
With the quick throbbing of our beating hearts, —
Our memories haunted by each tone and look
Of thine for ever, — these are our offerings.
Take thou the gifts, O Queen ! not yielded lightly.

## THAT MEETING.

October 14, 1858.

Strange that chance meeting for both of us there:
You, lord of an earldom ancient and fair;
I, a stranger in garments of sorrow,
Who came to-day, and must go to-morrow.

Yet on the parchments, emblazoned with all
The skill of the penman, in your high hall
You showed me the record, the badge, the name,
Of the Norman ancestor both can claim.

Afterwards, walking together around
Your ancient mansion and park, we found
Something of kindred more true to the soul
Than heraldry blazons on parchment scroll.

Out of the dim past, your own past, and mine,
Destiny spinneth our life-threads so fine:
Weaving and twisting them, now or never,
She suddenly blent them once together.

Strange that chance meeting for both of us there:
You, lord of an earldom ancient and fair;
I, a stranger in garments of sorrow,
Who came to-day, and must go to-morrow.

## TWO SCENES.

Within the ancient church, which stands
O'erlooking Freyburg's cliffs and streams,
We heard the grand old organ-peals
Flung through the aisles, 'mid sunset-gleams ;

And while that surging sea of sound
Broke on the shore of silence there,
Beside us stood a fair-haired boy,
Of Britain's crown the prince and heir.

A touch upon those chords had thrilled
Old England's hymn of praise and joy
Into a tender prayer for her, —
The Queen, and mother of the boy.

That master's touch upon the stops
Then swept a storm, — its rush, its flash :
Through the old arches' echoing stones
The tempests shriek, the torrents dash.

But gentler melodies intwined
The twilight of that closing day,
As in the ancient church we paused,
While England's Prince went on his way.

And one, who walked beside us then,
In beauty lit the old gray aisle,
As, with her calm and holy look,
She met the Prince's peaceful smile.

* * * * *

A few years fled. — I stood within
Our own New England's choral hall :
It was alight with glow and life ;
Flags of two lands waved over all.

And gathered there were men who stand
Worn with life-toil for fame, or truth :
'Mid veterans, rich with lore and age,
I saw again that fair-haired youth.

And England's anthem rose once more:
No organ's deep time-mellowed note
Now pealed; but on the vocal air
A thousand tuneful voices float.

White-robed, and crowned with youth and flowers,
Like wingless angels seemed that band, —
Fit messengers to breathe a prayer
For him, the child of a great land.

He smiled; — and from my vision fled
That crowded, lighted, bannered hall:
In the old Switzer church we stand,
Gray twilight stealing o'er us all.

## THE ECLIPSE.

1859.

To-NIGHT I look into the heavens,
Where high the queenly moon doth ride:
For her alone the concave seems
Fittingly formed, vast, silent, wide.

In that bright splendor, stars are lost,
And clouds are all forgotten things:
The orb which sails so proudly there,
No shadow near her glory clings.

Transmuted by celestial gleams,
The silent streets beneath me lay,
Robed in a garb of woven light,
Such as they never wear by day.

And now, from out this radiant sphere,
I hear the sound of wheels, which bring
Gay figures from the festal hall,
The banquet's cup, the dancers' ring.

Yes, crowned with flowers fair brows should be,
If hearts are young and gay to-night:
To them the world is filled with joy,
And ruled by one bright orb of light.

* * * * *

A mystic power has flung a spell,
Through which these casements strangely shine:
I see reflected, scenes of youth;
The vanished past again is mine.

Far off, this power has borne me now
To other days, whose morning light,
Mingling with such a cloudless sky,
Sheds fuller lustre on the night.

"'Tis worth a midnight watch," I cried,
"To feel this strong, mysterious sway,
Bidding life's fairest joys appear,
Bearing its darker dreams away."

While thus I spake, a faint, cold chill
Ran through my veins; upon my arm
A viewless icy hand was laid
In parting, to dissolve the charm.

Startled, I raise my eyes again
Up to the heavens: oh, woful sight!
I see a darkening shadow thrown
Upon the moon, so dazzling bright.

Deeper and deeper grew the gloom,
As the grim shade the victory gains,
Until the Queen of light was gone:
A dim, discolored orb remains.

No passing cloud was on the air,
Whence fear could change or tempest borrow:
The spell had left me: now I knew
That shadow of a world of sorrow.

# LINES

ON SENDING FLOWERS TO CHARLES SUMNER, AND CRAWFORD THE SCULPTOR. PARIS, MARCH 28, 1857.

---

Blossoms of beauty! fair ye are together;
Companions meet, yet now to part for ever;
Go, greet two friends: for them the wreath I sever.

These flowers fresh, and bright with rosy hue,
On which the sunbeam scarce has dried the dew,
Bear welcome unto him whose manly brow,
Baptized in blood, is doubly sacred now;
Welcome him back to health, to hope, to life,
And to fresh vigor for a glorious strife.
A paler tint these tender blossoms wear;
And in their cups, half hid, our tears they bear.

Go to the shrine of genius: not in vain,
If on his lips ye wake a smile again.
Breathe a farewell to him whose mid-day sun
Sinks in eclipse ere half its race is run.
Upon each brow the crown of suffering lies, —
(That circling glory in a dark disguise;)
Meekly they bear the sign of martyr-pain,
Which marks them victors on life's battle-plain.
One, dying, leaves behind a deathless name,
Enduring as the marble of his fame:
The other lives, with strength renewed, to be
Champion of Truth and Right and Liberty.

Go, fleeting Blossoms; but in higher bowers
Await those fairer wreaths of fadeless flowers,
Bestowed by higher, holier hands than ours.

# THE LOCUST TREE.

This tree fell, in full blossom, July 4, 1844. These verses associate it with the death of GUSTAVUS GOSSLER, of Hamburg, which occurred the day previous.

FAIR stands the tree at morning prime:
Its blossoms long and white,
Through which the rising sunbeams play,
Are pleasant to the sight.

Soft breathes the wind among the leaves;
And, with a gentle sound,
It seems to whisper to the flowers,
That shed their fragrance round.

The noon comes on, the sun shines bright,
The breezes faintly blow;
Yet, on the grassy plain beneath,
The flower-crowned tree lies low.

It fell by no relentless hand;
No storm the wreck had made,
Nor scorching heat had blighted it:
Why did its beauty fade?

The evening sun, whose morning light
Had been so fair to see,
Now shone upon a vacant sod:
There was no blooming tree.

Thought we not then of him — the young,
The hopeful, and the gay —
Who passed away, all suddenly,
In the noontide of life's day?

Strange are these marvels to our sight;
They are no work of Time:
Why fell the fair tree in its strength? —
The young man in his prime?

All outward things we vainly ask:
They have no thrilling tone,
Bearing an answer to our souls:
It rests with God alone.

## SONG.

Free-hearted, happy one!
Where is thy home?
Unto this world of ours
Why hast thou come,
Bringing that joyous smile
Where grief doth reign?
Unto a fairer sphere
Hasten again.

Art thou a messenger,
Sent from above
To win us to heaven
With seraph-like love?
Fly from us, dear one!
If such thy hope be,
Or the heaven of our happiness
Centres in thee.

## ON AN ENGRAVING OF THE CRUCIFIXION, BY HENRY GOLTZIUS. 1583.

Work of a hand whose graver cut
Deep in the steel the vision given
Unto unsealèd eyes of Faith,
When ancient Art drew nigh to heaven!

Dark roll the awful clouds above
The city of the faithless crowd,
While on the rude and bark-stript tree
The thorn-crowned head is meekly bowed;

And, gazing on the Sufferer there,
Three friends are watching through the night;
Yet falter not: they know the sign
That makes death, life; and darkness, light.

Between me and that scene is thrown
No hue of color: to my eyes
The gulf of time is spanned, and bears
The impress of the sacrifice.

I know the sign, and fain would cling
In hope beside the faithful Three;
And watch the mighty love upraised
Upon the blood-stained, bark-stript tree.

## SEEN AND UNSEEN.

A GARDEN, near my dwelling,
Is rich with opening flowers;
The sound of falling waters
Gladdens the sultry hours.

And oft, beside the fountain,
I see the children play,
Blooming as are the roses,
Fresh as the sparkling spray;

Bright human blossoms, mingled
With flowers and summer leaves,—
A wreath, laid on Earth's bosom,
Which God's hand interweaves.

And, when the sunset lingers
To meet the rising moon,
There walk the elder sisters
In the soft air of June.

I see the gentle maidens
In summer raiment gay:
Beneath my shaded window,
The groups pass on their way.

I hear their voices mingle
Upon the evening breeze:
Earth holds no dearer treasure
Than maidens fair as these.

The children by the fountain
Gaze on me as I pass;
They watch my sombre garments
Wave amid flowers and grass.

Yet pleasant are these greetings;
For, looking in my eyes,
They see, with ready knowledge,
A link between us lies.

The girls, whose passing footsteps
And joyous tones I heard,
Saw not my quiet figure, —
Dreamed not of thoughts they stirred.

The link that lies between me
And the children there at play,
The mystic bond which binds me
To maidens fair and gay,

Will not be known to-morrow, —
Cannot be read to-night:
'Twill be revealed hereafter
In Heaven's own holy light,

When amid fadeless blossoms,
Where living waters glide,
They see, with clearer vision,
Two angels by my side.

# TO-DAY'S LESSON.

July, 1862.

An official paper, from Major-General BANKS, makes the following statement: "My attention was attracted by a little girl about eight years of age, who was toddling over the stones by the wayside. I asked how far she had travelled. 'From Winchester,' she said. We were then about twenty-seven miles on our march. I requested the cannoneers to give her a lift; and the gallant men, who had hung upon the rear of the column for its defence the greater part of the distance, answered with alacrity. It is not impossible that her little limbs had been strengthened by some vague dream of liberty to be lost or won in that hurried night-march."

"*He took a child, and set it in the midst of them.*"

O MEN and women of the North!
Read ye the story told to-day
By one who, in the nation's cause,
Blends mercy's deeds with martial sway.

That little child he lifted up,
Foot-wearied on the war-van grim,
A message bears more thrilling far
Than fervent speech or battle-hymn.

Christ held on high a little child
To symbolize his heavenly fold:
To-day the quest of armèd men
Meets the same answer as of old.

Rescue this child of dusky hue
From night and fear and danger's face;
In God's great name, protect and shield
This daughter of a captive race! —

A type of what the world shall see,
When fratricidal strife shall cease,
And, resting 'mid the silent guns,
The ransomed slave-child whispers PEACE!

## KAUB,

### ON THE RHINE.

July 6, 1857.

The castle standeth on the height,
  Above the old Rhine-town ;
And, with the pride of former times,
  It looketh sternly down.

The river flows in quiet waves
  The ancient *Pfalz* around ;
Within whose walls, in dreary days,
  Proud dames a refuge found.

Along the narrow street I move,
  Its windings quaint to trace ;
For in the past there is a link
  Which binds me to the place.

Far, far I gaze through vanished years,
And see a household band
Looking their last on castled height,
And on the dear Rhine-land.

A home beyond the ocean's wave,
In simple faith, they sought;
And blessings which are mine to-day
Their cares and trials bought.

I come, from out that distant home,
Across the stormy sea,
To make a filial pilgrimage,
O Father Rhine! to thee.

## THE RAINBOW SEEN FROM A CITY.

Resplendent arch, whose glorious hues unfold
On yon dark cloud from whence the thunder rolled,
How oft in childhood have I watched thee rise
Like a bright angel in the stormy skies,
Shedding o'er earth and sea a heavenly ray,
Reflected from thy beauty far away!
But now I view thee from a city's walls,
Upon no groves or lawns thy radiance falls;
And, to my sight, thy bow of light doth span
Nought but the crowded dwelling-place of man.
If, then, thy bright appearance in the sky
Is sent to raise our hearts and hopes on high,
Much art thou needed here, celestial sign!
(A promise written by a hand divine,)

Where, cold and deep, life's current darkly bears
Through crowded channels many griefs and cares.
That Power, whose mystic messenger thou art,
Has formed and tried and knows the human heart.
He leaves us not to darkness or despair :
Hope is his gift, for ever bright and fair, —
Hope, which survives the tempest's stormy strife,
And paints a rainbow on the clouds of life.

# HYMN

SUNG AT THE CLOSING SERVICE IN FEDERAL-STREET CHURCH, WHERE, FOR MANY YEARS, THE REV. W. E. CHANNING PREACHED.

MARCH 13, 1859.

FAREWELL to aisle and altar!
What bear we forth to-day,
As from these sacred portals
We slowly pass away?

Not fragrant censers, flinging
Sweet vapors on the air;
Nor pictured saints and angels,
Nor sacred vessels rare.

But, from our hearts arising,
Incense of prayer and praise;
And, clear on Memory's canvas,
The forms of other days:

For here stood one who taught us,
With thrilling word and look,
Divinest truth and highest
From out the holy Book.

Words, men of wisdom uttered
Within this house of prayer;
Thoughts of the loved and vanished, —
Upon our hearts we bear.

Each treasure we have gathered
Of memory, faith, or love,
Go with us from this temple
To our Father's house above.

## A RECORD.

1862.

---

We met in a quaint city,
  Beyond the Atlantic tide:
(He had been wandering far then,
  Where India's rivers glide:)
He told us of his journeys
  Over the sea and land;
His was a manly frankness,
  Kindly of heart and hand.

Again we met in Florence,
  The ancient and the fair;
And, in the gay Cascine,
  He rode beside us there.

In Rome, whose every fragment
Memory has written o'er,
We parted for a season, —
He bound for his native shore.

But, ere another meeting
After that day in Rome,
A change and a heavy sorrow
Came to my heart and home. —
Once more I saw him numbered
With men in stern array:
War was within our border,
And he bravely marched away.

Now that a year has vanished,
Record of waste and woe,
The slow march of our leaders,
The fierce fire of our foe,
I read of a hard-fought field,
Terrible hours of strife:
There, in the enemy's front,
Closes his battle of life.

Nor has he fallen in vain, —
He, nor his comrades brave:
Not for the souls of the true
Is there on earth a grave; —
For, were our eyes but opened
To see the things revealed,
A host is on the hillside,
And on the battle-field.

They urge us to the struggle;
They urge us yet to save
Our country from the traitor, —
Striking shackles from the slave.
The spirits of the valiant
Sweep down from ages past,
And listen for the echo
Of Freedom's trumpet-blast.

# AFTER THE STORM.

A REMINISCENCE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1862.

I DO remember, that, long years ago,
After a fearful night of storm, He came,
"The old man eloquent," whose vital soul
Lived much with Nature; and he said, "I stood
Last night watching the fierce encounter-shock
Of two great clouds, on hostile currents borne.
In the mid-heavens they met: the thunder-bolts
Were hurled between them, and with fire and hail
They battled, — a night to be remembered.
The air is sultry yet: no thunder-storm
Clears off the noxious vapors all at once.
But" — and he said it with his heavenly smile —
"Wait till to-morrow for a purer air."

O mighty soul, uplifted now above,
Into serener heights! from thence look down
Upon the encountering battle-clouds
Which burst upon the land thou once didst love
And rule. Oh! while the hostile currents roll,
Hurling all fiery elements together,
In this the nation's hour of stormy night,
Repeat the hopeful lesson, "Wait: clearer
And purer shall the future dawn."

# GARLANDS FOR THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WATERSTON.

DEC 25, 1810. — DEC. 25, 1860.

FLOWERS for a bridal wreath to-day,
With pure white hues unfaded,
Like one which fifty years ago
A fair young brow o'ershaded.

Flowers, rich with sunset tints, for them
Whose hearts in love united
Have kept for fifty years the vows
That first in youth they plighted.

Flowers on their path, from viewless ones, —
Forget-me-nots of Heaven, —
Still, still their own, though long ago
To angel guardians given.

Flowers from the well-belovèd band,
Who stand in strength around them;
Whose love, through many changing years,
With joy and peace have crowned them.

Flowers from the younger hearts and hands
That gladly here surround them,
Where children's children, rising up,
In living wreaths have bound them.

Flowers from the angel-three, who now,
Celestial joys possessing,
From Paradise fair garlands bring,
With God's divinest blessing.

Flowers fresh from Earth, and pure from Heaven,
By loving hearts commended
To those whose lives of truth and trust
Through fifty years have blended.

## ON SEEING THE FLAG AGAIN FLOATING OVER CHESTER SQUARE,

AFTER THE STAFF HAD BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Aug. 13, 1862.

---

Again the flag floats broadly out;
The breeze blows fresh through flower and tree:
We welcome back the sign which claims
To be the banner of the Free.

Above our homes a storm had burst,
And the tall staff was rent in twain;
But high above the lightning, soared
The Eagle through the fire and rain;

True omen of that lightning flash,
Rending the staff where Slavery clings,
Which leaves our Eagle soaring yet
Above us with her unclipt wings.

Beneath a clearer sky shall float
Our banner on the north-wind free,
And the whole earth shall hail with joy
The stainless flag of Liberty.

## INVOCATIONS.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF B. D. G.,

OCTOBER 16, 1862.

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RECEIVE, O Earth! the form of him
Who knew and loved your glories well;
Droop o'er his grave, ye forest-trees!
Chime in the breeze, each flowery bell!

And join the sweet and solemn sounds
That through this autumn morning float,
The rustle of the falling leaves,
The squirrel's stir, the wood-bird's note.

Close to your heart, O Nature! hold
All that from us must now be given:
A soul, harmonious with your life,
Forth to a higher sphere has risen.

Receive him, angel Mother, there:
He left thy arms a little child;
But walked through many years below,
So firm and true and undefiled,

That, though he held the world's best gifts,
Was learnèd in the lore of men,
Unchanged in simple love and truth,
Mother! receive thy child again.

Receive him, angels of our life!
We need not breathe your mortal names;
Bear with him, to the throne above,
Prayers which the lip but faintly frames.

# THE EPIPHANY.

"AND THE STAR STOOD OVER WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD LAY."

JANUARY 6, 1841,

(THE BIRTHDAY OF H. R. W.)

In life's horizon rose a star
  Upon that sacred night:
The light it brought from worlds afar
  Blest seventeen years of sight.

It shone upon a Northern home,
  — A star of morning fair, —
Glanced on the ocean's stormy foam,
  And gladdened English air.

O'er Alpine mountain-tops it glowed;
And with a gentle ray,
Where Rhine and Neckar calmly flowed,
Lit up a poet's way.

It passed o'er far Italian lands, —
The fairest earth can show;
Where Genius at Art's altar stands,
And flowers of beauty grow.

The steep Etruscan towns are seamed
With age and wound and scar;
Yet hues of youth upon them gleamed,
Reflected from that star.

Light on old storied Rome it shed,
(By time and tempest riven;)
While many there looked up, and said,
"It is a light from heaven."

But where the tideless sea of blue
Reflects a burning height,
God took that star of heavenly hue,
And shut it from earth's sight.

Since then, the sun and moon have shone,—
Orbs fair by day and night:
Dimly they shine to me, alone,
Without that holier light.

But life's horizon widens round,
Beyond their path afar;
And, when I pass their circle's bound,
I shall behold my star.

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